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we ought to lose both its matter and energy by scattering it into the infinite empty space, which, we must assume, surrounds this finite world. But assuming that concrete existence is always finite and that ether itself is concrete, which means that every particle of ether is always at a definite time in a definite space, we need not jump at the conclusion that actual existence scatters. We know that energy radiates into ether, but if we assume that the amount of ether itself is finite there is no reason to declare that the ether will scatter into the empty space in which it swims. It may be that the empty space possesses qualities which are radically different from the space filled by ether or by gross matter. It may act as a limit from which particles of ether are repelled and into which the radiant energy of light can not penetrate. Until we possess instruments by which we can empty space of ether itself and study the character of an absolutely empty space we can only conjecture what reaction matter and energy may suffer at the end of finite existence. The time when physicists will be able to experiment with absolutely empty space is not near at hand, and it seems best not to speculate on the subject where any proposition must be a mere guess.

EDITOR.

THE DIVINE FIVE-FOLD TRUTH.¹

It is the holy stillness of night. The world with its busy cares is asleep. And that is the witching hour of divine philosophy. In the silence, a Spirit comes to me and bids me write. Is it inspiration? Or is it the fever of the night's vigil? I do not know. But, somehow, my soul seems calm and I seem to see in a sort of mystic way the meaning of things which were dark before. At least I will obey the muse to-night and trust in the leading of the Spirit, for this seems like no human insight. Go on, sweet Muse. The night is young. I would feign revel in glorious discourse. At other times I have spoken through the long processes of logic. To-night, I would feign speak as an oracle.

THE DIVINE TRUTH OF "BEING."

First of all, there comes to me the old and divine truth of "being"—not static, inert "being," but centers of energy, conscious

¹ A more technical statement of the five-fold truth can be found in various studies already published. These include "Time and Reality," *Psych. Rev. Monograph Series*, No. 26; "Space and Reality," *Journ. Phil., Psych. and Sci. Meth.*, III, pp. 533, 589; "Consciousness and Reality," *ibid.*, V, pp. 169, 225; "Energy and Reality," *ibid.*, V, pp. 365, 393; and "The Ought and Reality," *Int. Jour. Ethics*, XVII, p. 454.

and unconscious, interlocking and interacting in space. These centers, through their dynamic, mysterious threads hang together as a whole. You can pass on the light beams from one to the other, even to the last. And they swing together in their rhythmic way in cosmic space. And part, at least, have life and mind and can catch the meaning of their relationship.

Spinoza, the God-intoxicated, had a vision of the universe as two winding corridors; each variegated fresco of one is imitated in the other, for the order of thought and things is the same. Each voice in one has its echo in the other, for the mind is the idea of the body. Proceed as you may through the infinite windings of one, no window opens into the other. But if eye hath not seen nor ear heard, and if it hath not entered into the thought of man that there is another half-world, is it more than the shadow of man's mind? And if any one doubts the existence of the other corridor, who shall prove it? Spinoza, in the passion of his fancy, supposed that if things exist and if we become conscious of things, then things must be repeated. But things are just such as we must meet them and appreciate them in the wide, common corridor of experience. No blind wall separates experience from the world of its interest and love; thoughts and things are part of one divine context. It is through thoughts that we can use things, and things become significant by entering into the context of thought. Thought and things are not two halls, but relationships within one dynamic living world. There is only one window to the significance of the world of things and that is thought, though things may hang in their own context, without being thought. Of what sort "being" is, of how many kinds it consists, whether psychological, electrical or some other kind of energy, and what constancies or equivalences it has, lo! this must be written in the books of science.

But "being," as falsely supposed by many an inspired genius, is not the only door to reality. It has been the habit of humanity thus far to emphasize some aspects and read out other aspects of reality, according to its temperamental, intellectual or practical bias. In this it has usually been right in the importance of the aspects it has read in, and wrong in the aspects it has read out. Thus the Eleatics of all time are quite right, that there must be "being"—stuff, constancies, thickness, grist. But because there must be thickness, must there be absolute thickness, absolute constancy? Could not science and practical life get on with relative constancy? So far

as our experience goes, we do so get on; and in a manner find our way.

THE DIVINE TRUTH OF TIME.

Instead of writing a poem to the solid, as Parmenides does, why not write a poem, as Heraclitus does, to divine flux, with all its sadness and novelty? Our hopes and aspirations, as well as our doubts and fears, are built upon the consciousness that the universe is not absolutely made, but in the making; that the future may divorce the present, however firmly thought and its object are wedded now—sometimes by altering our attitudes, when the facts we intend seem constant; sometimes by altering the facts in conformity with our more constant ideals. But our attitudes are facts, too, part of the dance of attention in the ever shifting focus of object and interest in the drama of experience. However viewed, it is true that reality is vibrant, that it is ever in solution, that it glows. And no static view can ever piece together this motion and life of real process. We can hold only part of reality in the net of our concepts, the rest trickles through. And while the constant residue is more important for science, what trickles through may be the more characteristic of life. True, you can not prove from the fact of change, any particular change or rate of change, nor deny any particular constancy. But you can prove that if there is change, there must always be change. For, in the infinite æons, if time or change were finite, it must have run its course untold ages ago. Change must be taken as real and underived, prior to all our ideal measurements, if it exists at all. This change value, I call time. Let the pæon be chanted to eternal time—double visaged time, with hoar frost on the brow, looking backward, and the fire of youth in the face, looking forward, fading Autumn and budding Spring in one.

If we center our interest on the flowing, the novel, the irreversible and the surprising, we can easily fall into the mood that only the flow is real; that the flux is absolute and that there is no such thing as constancy, or truth even in part; that the *transforming* of the stuff of meanings and of matters is the real and that uniformities are but illusions. With Omar Khayyam we may come to say:

“One thing at least is certain—This life flies:
One thing is certain and the rest is Lies;
The flower that once has blown forever dies.”

Yes, all that is born in the pangs of earthly beauty shall fade and die. This would be infinitely sad, if spring and youth were not re-

born with new beauty with the turn of the year. But while "the bird is on the wing," why deny such seeming perching, such constancy as there is, such prediction as experience proves?

THE DIVINE TRUTH OF SPACE.

And why should not some one write a poem to the void—the glorious expanse of space? For what a congested world this would be if it were condensed into a mathematical point—no looking at each other, no embraces, no starry heavens, no gravitational equipoises of swinging masses, no differentiation of individual centers, no canvas for the cosmic artist to spread his sunsets on, no marshaling of the ranks of tonal harmonies, as a result of this absolute condensation, all for want of room. If you have space, you can put as many holes into it as may be necessary, shooting it through with energetic centers, conscious and non-conscious. You can stretch your gravitational threads, you can pour in your luminiferous ether and spread out your electro-magnetic field; you can fill it as full as imagination and convenience may dictate. I would not make space everything, carving a universe out of it by means of geometrical figures as some have done. But you must presuppose your space, which you so thanklessly ignore, to have your side-by-sideness of centers, your free mobility, your perfect conductivity. No hindrances there to the wheels of Charles's Wain, no opaqueness to the mercurial messengers of light,—only sublime distances making feeble man's artificial measures, where constellations dart through space to the Pleiades. Viewed from the side of space, your bodies and energies become interferences—departures from the pure limit with which we start. To divine, neglected space, bespangled with many a star for diadem and begirdled with lightning, let my song go forth.

THE DIVINE TRUTH OF CONSCIOUSNESS.

And what shall I say of consciousness, illuminating nature, the manifold world of process and its flow? To be sure, it would not appear except for the complexity of the world of process—its organs and contexts of relations. But they in turn would have no significance or value apart from the divine light of consciousness. It was a noble insight, that of the Sankyah philosophy in far off days and climes. It is only as nature (*Prakriti*) develops senses and intellect on the one hand, to match the motley variety of the world on the other, that consciousness can illumine the world. It is Nature that furnishes the subject and the content too. Consciousness is a neutral

light. It only adds the awareness. It cannot be responsible for plurality of egos, any more than for unity, as the Sankyah supposed. Nor does nature vanish with consciousness, but becomes significant nature, aware of its pulse beats and its destiny. In itself, consciousness has no variety, no color, no direction. But with it comes to light the color and variety and meaning of this whole checkered, flowing world. No wonder the Sankyah philosophers, with their longing for mystical peace, for the negation of strife and variety, centered their gaze on neutral consciousness and allowed nature to vanish with the abstraction of attention.

How long before the mysterious awakening; what vicissitudes of change; what migration of spirit through cosmic spaces; what dizzy ages of evolution of organs and of mind before my spirit saw the light, who can tell? But when consciousness does illumine the patient face of nature, what beauty of significance is there—expressed in part; in part, vaguely felt and only half understood. What opportunity is there for sharing in the directive creation of the divine destiny, which nursed us to this end? Elsewhere, no doubt, the light has shone before; soon the light here shall flicker and go out again, as the soul goes forth to its new mysterious birth. All this—the before and after—is hidden in the night of our ignorance, but how glorious to be awake just now, to catch to-night this glimpse of the eternal procession of the ages. Whatever may be the destiny of mind in the cosmic whirl of change, thank God for this.

When I take my journey in the sea of energies, midst ethers and star dust, perchance through skies and clouds to stars unknown, perhaps to linger here midst dance of circumstance, who can tell when and how I shall appear? But I believe that the light of consciousness shall shine for me again; that I shall see anew the glory of God's world; that I shall feel the sympathetic touch in the march of the æons as I never have before. If so, what does it matter how long I sleep, waiting for the call of God's energies to the beauteous vision. To consciousness, lighting the world, in one flash bringing the divine and human face to face, let my hymn be sung.

THE DIVINE TRUTH OF FORM.

And, then, what hymn can I sing worthy of the glorious divinity of form? For who would want a chaos of moving pictures like the nightmare of a dream? Even the consciousness of such a crazy quilt of a dream would be less to be desired than the annihilation of Nirvana. But we have the conviction that some facts are worth

more. In the shifting and relative shapes of the flux, the soul comes to the insight, now and then, of eternal beauty. Restless sound is woven into harmony, the chaos of color into divine form and expression. The world of things, to some extent, can be recreated into the world of ideals. Who can wonder that Plato found the idea of form, of significant unity, diviner than all the flux in space and would allow to worth alone the prize of being?

Let the materialist claim that beauty is a physiological relation; that it depends on a certain structure and its motor reactions. He does not contradict the diviner insight that form—significant relationship—is an original and underived aspect of reality. True, reality must prepare the spirit for its realization and appreciation by preparing the organism. Beauty and right, as the result of survival selection, must come to us first as intuitions, before we can understand or separate the form from the matter. But it may still be true that beauty suffuses the whole of things; that the flux has worth only as it is sifted through eternal form; that nature's beauty and, still better, our conscious creation of beauty, is the imitation of a reality of which we have but a vague intuition. Nature produces lavishly, and some of its gifts also have form as read or appreciated by human nature. This is not mere chance. It is part of the selective evolution of reality, for human nature is part of nature. Beauty is but nature become conscious of its formal character through its more developed organs of human nature. Thus do nature and human nature conspire to produce the sunset and the symphony.

As the music of each passing moment dies into the recession of the past, one thing remains amidst the changes and chances of clashing masses and souls—the direction of the process. That, at least, is absolute, eternal and divine. What is this direction? Is it more than that the universe in patches expresses ideals and so becomes immortalized? Is there a grand finale? If time is infinite, this should have come to pass infinite ages ago. Yet for a superior insight, the patch-work may be a scheme. That it is so remains for us an act of faith—a faith which, like every faith, must be justified by its consequences.

The conclusion of my poem, which shall remain unwritten, shall be that I own the supplementing concreteness, the real thickness of life as all of these, interpenetrating in one common world. Reality reveals itself in five different ways. It has five windows. It reveals itself to our purposive endeavor as a world of restless energies with their relative uniformities. It reveals itself further as

time, which in the flux of selves and things, gives the lie to the past and creates for the soul new mansions of meaning and value. We must also orient ourselves to space, the play-ground of energies where the heavens spread out like a curtain and clouds are moved back and forth as draperies. Under certain conditions of complexity and intensity, the whole is lighted up by consciousness; and lastly running through it all as the invisible warp of the many-colored woof there must be form—the direction which our finite minds strive to unravel. This is the *Divine Five-Fold Truth*—the five doors which we must enter if we would bask in the divine illuminating wisdom.

The night is far spent. The intoxication of soul is wearing off. The cock crows, announcing that the matins is at hand. The goddess of drowsy slumber will soon lift her silver veil from off the naked earth, and depart. The bustling, jostling, wakeful, petty cares will return with the dawn. Thank you, Spirit, for divine philosophy. May it prove sane when viewed in the glaring light of day. At least the bliss was great, while it lasted. And now into Thy care I commit my mind, while I, too, join the unconscious world in the soft arms of sleep.

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JOHN ELOF BOODIN.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

John Elof Boodin, professor of philosophy at the Kansas State University, an ardent pragmatist and personal friend of the late Professor William James, writes in the current number of *The Monist* a delightful essay on "The Divine Five-fold Truth" from the pragmatist point of view. He writes in the letter accompanying the manuscript, "As you seemed to like my 'Philosophic Tolerance' I venture to send you another literary attempt." And he is right. Our opposition to pragmatism is not a condemnation of its methods but only a protest that it is a consummation of philosophical development. Pragmatism like agnosticism is not a movement belonging properly in the realm of philosophy, but an outburst of literary enthusiasm sprinkled over with psychology and philosophy; the former not without appreciation of pathological phenomena, the latter in the line of subjectivism and easy-going pluralism. Our objection to pragmatism lies in its claim to be the only philosophy, involving a wholesale condemnation of all former philosophies, absolutism, dogmatism, monism, rationalism, and kindred isms, as